

## OLD AND IN THE WAY.

I sit in the chimney corner, an' hear the young folks say:  
"The world is weary of her—she is old, and in the way.  
And a vacant chair were better—a solitary place—  
Than the pained, wrinkled hands of her, and the tear-wet, furrowed face!"

I nursed 'em at my bosom ere Life's sun went down the West;  
I sang Love's sweetest songs to them and rocked their hearts to rest;  
And now, that the sad time hastens—the closing of Life's day—  
I am only a useless woman—I am old and in the way!

Thank God, it will soon be over—Life's sun is sinking fast;  
My feet are in the valley and I see my home at last!  
And I say, while the angels beckon, "Poor, old, and gray,  
—There is room for me in heaven, where I'll not be in the way!"  
—Atlanta Constitution.

## A Club Woman's Essay

WHEN the chairman of the Program Committee of our club invited me to write a paper for one of the literary afternoons it was a very easy matter to say "Yes." The subject—"The Rise and Fall of Superstition"—interested me, and it was a pleasure to treat it from my own point of view. But when I received the club book for the new year and saw the subject for the 13th of November with my own name in fat black letters as the essayist, when I realized that I was to read the production not only before the members of the club, but in the presence of visitors from various parts of the world, my very soul began to quake with fear and bitterly did I repent me of my easy yielding to persuasion. I had appeared before the public many times in print, but never in person where I was the chief attraction, excepting upon two occasions, one of them when I read a sentimental commencement address in a quavering voice and the other when I walked up the aisle to the tune of a certain march from Lohengrin.

So far I had made but one acquaintance in the fashionable apartment building which was our home at the time of which I write. But Mrs. Herbert was worth a dozen ordinary



HER PASSION WAS THE THEATER.

friends, for to me there could not be a more fascinating personality. She was not beautiful, she was not even pretty, but she was one of those mercurial beings whose very changeableness is more attractive than mere perfection of feature. She had a way of relating the most trivial incident that compelled attention, her manner of relating anecdotes was inimitable and about her there was ever a quality of effervescence and sparkle rarely found even in the women of the Latin race. She had been a widow for half a dozen years, she told me, and although rich in the world's goods she cared nothing for society and never had belonged to a woman's club. Most of us have a favorite pastime, however, and Mrs. Herbert's ruling passion was the theater. She saw every reasonably good troupe that came to Chicago, attending the play about four evenings a week, upon which occasions she usually was attended by her brother, a quiet, pale young man with a wooden expression. She had told me but little of her past, and I decided in my own mind that she had been brought up in a quiet country town where the delights of the theater were unknown, and that she was now bent upon gratifying an inordinate taste for the drama.

Mrs. Herbert came to my rooms one evening just as I had finished writing my club paper, which at her request I read to her. Seated on a low Indian stool, with her soft draperies billowing about her, and with her slender hands clasped about her knees, she listened intently, her earnest eyes fixed upon my face. But when I had finished I noticed that her straight brows were puckered into a slight frown.

"It is very interesting," she said, slowly, "but, my dear woman, you would ruin the finest literary production ever born in mortal brain by the rat-tat-tat way in which you read it. Now, those anecdotes would be thrilling, positively thrilling, if properly related, but under your treatment they become commonplace."

"I shall read it in a large hall, and I shall raise my voice, of course; and I will sound much better there than here," I replied, somewhat nettled by her caustic criticism.

"Pardon me," she returned, "it will sound much worse in a large room than in this one. You have a way of dropping your voice at the end of every sentence which would be absolutely maddening to an audience anxious to hear you. You must get rid of that fault, and pray raise your eyes from your notes when you are telling those stories."

"Oh, I couldn't!" I exclaimed, terrified at the very thought. "I should be sure to catch the glance of some one I know which would confuse me, and when I returned to my manuscript again I should lose my place and suffer an agony of embarrassment."

"She shrugged her shoulders slightly. "Then read it to me again and I will coach you a bit."

I obeyed while she moved restlessly about the room, occasionally interrupting me with such remarks as: "Now that little incident really was pathetic, but you tell it with so more feeling than a photograph," or "If you don't raise your voice there the point you are trying to make will be entirely lost." When I had finished she pro-

nounced it much better, but frankly added that there was still much to be desired.

Events seldom slip into expected grooves, and upon the morning of the 13th of November I awoke with a pain in the back of the head which clutched me like an iron hand. It was my old enemy which two or three times a year comes to blot a day from my calendar. The present attack was so acute that my husband, who was planning a week's absence from the city, wished to postpone his departure, a suggestion to which I would not listen. A spiritual body could not wear a material gown and a material hat, that was certain. Under the influence of the Indian drug I had gone to the club and had performed my expected duty. For some inscrutable reason I had made up a story of departing friends and had taken my leave at an early hour. How lucky it was that I had donned a correct costume. But had it been altogether correct? A dreadful suspicion took possession of me that I must have worn a certain pair of scarlet wool slippers with gay, faintly flaunting bows which might have been in evidence as I walked across the stage. Without loss of time I went to see a dear friend who had never told me anything but the truth.

"I was so proud of you yesterday," she said coming to meet me with a beaming smile. "I had no idea that you could be so entrancing."

"Between ourselves," said I, "I had taken a drug for my headache and I am afraid it made me a trifle, just a trifle you know, delicious. Did I—did I act with perfect propriety?"

"Most certainly. I should advise you to take that drug every time you read a paper. Why the way you told the story of the Hindu priest and his disembodied spirit made the very hair stand up on our heads and the story of the gamekeeper's wife and the haunted-house with your mimicry of the cockney dialect was simply killing. Wasn't it gratifying to find your audience so appreciative?"

"Very gratifying," I murmured, wishing that I had known something about it at the time. "But did I look all right? My shoes for instance—"

"I didn't notice your shoes. The only criticism I could make was regarding your veil. You claim that they are inordinately to the sight and I never have seen you wear one. I was surprised that you wore one yesterday when you read in public. I, too, was surprised. I did not own a veil, I must have bought one, or, not being responsible for my acts, I may have stolen it. The thought was anything but pleasant."

I began to cherish a sentiment of bitter resentment against Mrs. Herbert. She must have known the effects of the wonderful Indian drug which she had so often urged me to take. Why did she not tell me what it would do, why did she not give me the option of remaining in pain or of wandering forth in a state of resembling somnambulism? Thus I expressed myself to her in a long letter relating the events of that wonderful day. I will quote from her reply:

"I have been too busy to write sooner, but I supposed you would know that it was I who read your essay. I rarely mention the fact that I once studied for the stage, for it is a sore subject with me. I had obtained an engagement where my rendering of even the insignificant part assigned me as a beginner was warmly praised by the critics, when my uncle died, leaving a will in which he made me his heir upon condition that I should give up the stage forever. Never was fortune so reluctantly accepted, and you must have noticed that the play's the thing with me. That morning when I saw your manuscript lying forgotten on the hall table I was seized with a longing to impersonate you, and to render that excellent production as it ought to be given. I have a genius for make-up, but in this case it was not so great a task as you may suppose. We are of about the same height and figure. Your eyebrows are darker and more arched, your eyes are darker and your nose is shorter, difficulties not hard to surmount, with a becoming veil to help the disguise, and of course it was easy enough to reproduce your perfectly white pompadour. I borrowed your hat and gown because my own things are not like yours, and also wore the quaint jeweled chain so often seen about your neck. I initiated your gait in walking, and I flatter myself that my introductory explanation was approved by your voice and manner in the life. I let my voice drop at the end of the sentences as you do, and one or two calls of 'louder, please!' showed me what you would have been obliged to contend with had you been in my place. It was not necessary to retain your voice when I began to read, and I will venture to say that for once at least your club listened enthralled. I had arrived late, and left as soon as I had finished, so I managed to speak at close range to no one. You cannot imagine how much I enjoyed that little three-quarters of an hour when I was once more an actor, remembering the thanks and forgive me for having taken your places."

The man of the house declares that there is not a word of truth in Mrs. Herbert's statement. Says he: "She

frantically tell me who read the paper for her?"

"I'll then see the liveliest invalid I ever saw, for she was there and read it herself."

"Indeed you are mistaken."

"Indeed I am not! I know her very well by sight; moreover the president introduced her by name."

"Very well. Good-by." Even she is mixed up in this silly business, I thought, with disgust, as I hung up the receiver.

The afternoon mail brought a letter from my husband, which made me wonder if I were going mad. "You know it by this time of course," he wrote, "and I know that you have a choice rod in pickle for me. You see, I left in such a hurry. Usually, you know, I am not a bad fellow at remembering things, but I laid your essay on the hall table and never thought of it again until five minutes ago."

His letter dropped from my hand as I rushed to the hall. There on the table lay my manuscript, where he had left it. Then it had not been read at the club, which was the cause of all this joking. But the daily papers declared that it had been read, and more than one of them had given a synopsis of it. What was the explanation of this mystery? Could it be that my husband, the fetiche and ghost of my friends, had acquitted itself better than my corporeal self could have done? An examination of the gown, however, showed a tiny rent in the lower ruffle, a discovery which brought with it a snarler if no less startling a solution of the puzzle. A spiritual body could not wear a material gown and a material hat, that was certain. Under the influence of the Indian drug I had gone to the club and had performed my expected duty. For some inscrutable reason I had made up a story of departing friends and had taken my leave at an early hour. How lucky it was that I had donned a correct costume. But had it been altogether correct? A dreadful suspicion took possession of me that I must have worn a certain pair of scarlet wool slippers with gay, faintly flaunting bows which might have been in evidence as I walked across the stage. Without loss of time I went to see a dear friend who had never told me anything but the truth.

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was frightened at the harm she might have done in giving you the medicine, and she wanted to smooth your ruffled feathers. She couldn't have fooled all of those club women every moment of the time. No, you were very yourself, and very much under the influence of the Indian drug."

It may be that he is right, but I have not yet solved the riddle to my own satisfaction.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## SYSTEM HAS BAD FEATURES.

Arguments in Favor of Substituting Post Checks for Money Orders.

An object lesson showing the effects and expensiveness of the postal money order system was given a few days ago to several members of the House Postoffice Committee by Captain Henry A. Castle, auditor for the Postoffice Department.

Mr. Castle first conducted his visitors to the "auditor's library," as it is called. Here are 7,000 loose-leaf binders, each making a volume larger than the largest counting-house ledger and weighing 15 pounds. These 7,000 binders are filled annually with postmasters' statements of money orders issued and paid, which are sent to the auditor's office with the 46,000,000 money orders issued annually as vouchers.

The party next visited the "machinery room," where scores of the high-priced clerks were operating adding machines which verified the additions of the money order statements sent in by postmasters. More than 150,000 orders are daily handled in this room.

The visitors then went to the "round table" room, where other clerks were distributing an average of 150,000 money orders daily. The orders are thence taken and the party followed them to forty desks where nimble-fingered operators, mostly young women, separate them by towns in each State, arranged alphabetically.

The money order vouchers are now ready to be checked with the accounts of the issuing postmaster and 35 expert clerks were found doing this. From the checkers the money orders are tied in bundles, properly labeled and filed in the archives of the auditor's office for seven years, as required by law. The postmasters' statements, constituting the accounts, are filed in the loose-leaf binders as described and are ready for entry in the ledgers of the bureau where the accounts are kept. The 7,000 volumes of the statements are preserved also for a term of seven years.

The effect on the visiting Congressmen was startling. They learned also that the majority of money orders are for less than \$2.50 each. For their issue third and fourth class postmasters get the entire fee of three cents. First and second class postmasters employ high-salaried clerks for this work and the cost to the service is still greater.

The paying of the orders, the book-keeping and the transmitting of them to Washington entail a heavy outlay for salaries, without a penny of compensating revenue; so that, in addition to the loss of time in going to the postoffice, applying for money orders and awaiting their issue, is this additional pecuniary loss to the government.

When the tour of the office had been ended the visitors asserted that Congress should, without delay, adopt some plan whereby this expensive and burdensome work could be reduced or at least its enormous growth discouraged.

The remedy for much of this evil, officials say, lies in the adoption of the post check plan, as post check currency would require no auditing.—Washington Star.

## BANKS WAS SURPRISED TWICE.

Ran Off to a Ball, Thought He Saw His Wife, but It Was Her Maid.

When Banks, who has been married only a few months, went home and told his wife he had accepted an invitation to a bachelor dinner he expected her to object. Instead she urged him to go.

The dinner over, one of the party remembered that the Arion ball was being given and proposed that they all go. The proposition was accepted, but not without hesitation on the part of Banks. Once at the ball, however, Banks became as gay as the gayest. His scruples were forgotten and he enjoyed himself to the limit until he saw in the gay crowd a woman who seemed strangely familiar. She was masked, but she wore the costume his wife lately had purchased for an approaching private masquerade ball. He could swear to the costume.

It suddenly dawned on Banks that this really was his wife, who, he had supposed, was home asleep. The woman was leaning on the arm of a tall stranger, who appeared to be devoted to her.

To pass certain of his suspicions Banks passed the domino and placed himself so that the couple must pass close to him. On they came, arm in arm, chatting, but when the woman caught sight of Banks she started like a guilty thing and dropping the man's arm fled.

Banks hurried after her, and when he finally cornered her she covered down on a seat and, unable to utter a word, extended her hand as if begging for mercy.

"Forgive me," she pleaded, "and I promise you—"

Before she had completed the sentence Banks tore the mask off her face. Then he gasped. The woman was his wife's maid. She had purloined the costume of her mistress and wore it to the ball.

Banks has not told his wife, because she might inquire why he was at the ball.—New York Press.

## First Vessel Through Suez.

Captain Charles P. Jayne, now residing in Boston, had the honor of commanding the first vessel that passed through the Suez canal. The craft was known as the *Moning*, and, although of American construction, was sailed under the British flag.

## Fertilizers for Oats.

One hundred and sixty pounds an acre of nitrate of soda and muriate of potash, equal parts, materially increases the yield of oats in some Kentucky tests.

## SANTO DOMINGO.

Little Island's Complications with the United States.

The action of the insurgents of Santo Domingo in deliberately firing on the American flag, killing R. C. Johnston, a naval engineer, wounding Charles Doctor, a bugler, and otherwise committing warlike acts against the government of the United States has succeeded in raising an interesting international complication. It will be remembered by those who have kept track of the affair that Johnston was shot while on a launch on its way from the shore to the United States auxiliary cruiser *Yankee*. The small American flag in the stern of the boat was riddled. Doctor was wounded in a subsequent engagement of the *Columbia* with some of the insurgent forces. About a week after the killing of Johnston, it will also be recalled, a merchant steamer named the *New*



ENTRANCE TO HARBOR OF SAN DOMINGO CITY.

York discharged her cargo at the port of Santo Domingo under what was thought to be an agreement of the conflicting forces. She was fired on by the insurgents, however, and the United States cruiser *Newark* retaliated by shelling the town of *Pajarito*, in which the rebels were encamped, afterward landing a force of marines and driving out the insurgent troops. All of this naturally led to further complications. Though the rebel forces have been very thoroughly beaten in subsequent engagements with the troops of President Morales, the island is yet in a very unsettled condition, and there is a considerable party, in which the commercial element predominates, that is favorable to annexation to the United

## FAMOUS BLAZES IN LONDON.

British Houses of Parliament Were Burned on Oct. 16, 1834.

Oct. 16 is a day to be associated with fire in the minds of Londoners, for on that date, in 1834, the houses of parliament were burned down, and on the same day, in 1733, Berkeley house was destroyed by fire, says the *London Chronicle*. Berkeley house stood on the site of the present Devonshire house and Evelyn does not seem to have thought much of it. "The staircase is of cedar," he writes. "The furniture is princely; the kitchen and stables are ill-placed and the corridors worse." \* \* \* The portraits are in imitation of a house described by Palladio, but it happens to be the worst in his books. The fire was caused, according to the *Daily Journal* of the day after, "by the workmen leaving a glue pot among shavings, which boiled over while they were at breakfast and set fire to the house." This was before the days of policemen, for "the Earl of Albemarle attended in person, with a party of guards, to secure what goods were saved from being plundered by the mob; and all persons unknown were searched as they went out."

The burning of the houses of parliament over sixty-nine years ago was caused by official stupidity. For centuries the accounts of the exchequer had been kept by means of the antiquated tally stick, and though in the reign of George III, a proposition was made to use pen, ink and paper, red tapeism scouted the idea, and the use

## GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF SAN DOMINGO.

of tally sticks was continued down to the year 1826. In 1834 the large stock was ordered to be destroyed, and instead of distributing them to the poor of the neighborhood, some wiseacre decided that they should be burned in the stove of the House of Lords. The stove became overheated, set fire to the paneling, the paneling set fire to the House of Lords and the House of Commons. It is estimated that the burning cost the nation was about £2,000,000.

## Aunt Mandy's Economy.

"Gen'ly, Mandy," said Mr. Higgins to his spouse, "I ain't got one word to say 'gainst economy. This here game o' me cartin' railroad ties six miles, ter save usin' the firewood 's all right in a way, even if 'tis hard on the bosses. An' your idee o' usin' tin plates on the table, 'stead o' china, 's set 'em wearin' 'out yer new dinner set, ain't what you might call aesthetic, but I dunno! I've klicked very long so far 'bout it. An' even your makin' over my old overcoat into a jacket for yourself I ain't raised no great time 'bout, spite o' the fact that I hev ter take you to meetin' in it every Sunday an' hear a lot o' gold-ridden fools whisperin' that I must be gettin' low in the world n'ter be able ter buy ye a new one. But by the bumpin' thunder!" cried Mr. Higgins, "when you go to work an' make a corn-husk mattress an' throw in stalks, cobs an' all, jest ter save the measly husks, that's where the old man steps in fer once an' says—'loud an' clear—ter-er the dikkens with yer confounded economy!'"—Comfort.

## An Improvement.

"Isn't it grand," cried the girl at Niagara, "to see that great mass of water falling down, down, down! Could anything be more impressive?"

"Why, yes," replied her matter-of-factly escort. "It would be more extraordinary and worthy of comment, it seems to me, if that great mass of water fell up, up, up."—Chicago Post.

## The Dog Was Unorthodox.

Wearly Waggle's—If! You won't get nothing decent in dere. Dem people is vegetarians.

Hungry Hank—Is dat right?

Wearly Waggle's—Yeh, an' dey got a dog what ain't, and well I know it!—Exchange.

## School for Critics.

A school for theatrical critics is to be opened in Paris. The students are to attend dress rehearsals and write them up for practice.

About some people there is an indescribable obnoxious odor; an odor somewhere between a sick man and a dead man.

It doesn't cost very much to think as long as you don't back your conclusions with hard-earned cash.

Santo Domingo is one of the most beautiful of the West India islands. It lies between Cuba and Porto Rico. In Samana Bay it possesses one of the finest natural harbors in the world. It was this port which President Grant was especially anxious to secure as a coaling station. The oldest settlement made in the new world was on this island. Columbus himself having founded it. Here the great discoverer was buried and here for a number of years was the capital of the Spanish possessions to the new world.

At the end of the eighteenth century Spain ceded the eastern half of the island to France, which held the western half. Soon after the entire country under Toussaint L'Ouverture gained its independence. In 1844 came the rebellion of the eastern portion of the island, resulting in the formation of the present Dominican Republic.

## NATURE'S INFINITE VARIETY IS WELL ILLUSTRATED IN THE COLLECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF SNOW CRYSTALS MADE DURING THE PAST TWENTY YEARS BY W. A. BENTLEY, OF VERMONT. HE HAS NOW MORE THAN ONE THOUSAND PHOTOGRAPHS OF INDIVIDUAL CRYSTALS, AND AMONG THEM NO TWO ARE ALIKE.

The best rugs of Persia represent patience, taste and prolonged labor. On each square foot of surface a weaver works about twenty-three days. A rug 12x12 feet would therefore require the labor of one man for 3,312 days, or over ten years, not counting Sundays.

In the Smithsonian report on scientific work for 1902, Professor Langley remarks that when the bolometer was invented, some twenty years ago, it was able to measure temperature to about one-hundred-thousandth of a degree. Since then the instrument and its adjuncts have been so far improved that temperature can now be measured to less than one one-hundred-millionth of a degree readily and with precision.

After a series of experiments with carrier pigeons for conveying intelligence, the German naval authorities have decided to erect permanent pigeon stations on the coasts of the North and Baltic seas. Every warship, except torpedo boats, leaving Kiel or Wilhelmshaven, will hereafter carry a consignment of pigeons, to be released at varying distances from the land stations. It is estimated that the birds have sufficient endurance to fly home over a distance of about 180 miles from land.

Full River easily leads all other cotton manufacturing centers in America. It has about one-fifth of all the cotton spindles in the United States, and more than twice as many as any other industrial center in America. It makes 843,000,000 yards of cloth annually. Every working day its mills weave more than 1,500 miles of cloth. If all the mills could be run on one piece, the fastest express train could not travel fast enough to carry off the piece as it is woven, since the product is more than two miles a minute.

Nowhere is the woman doctor more in evidence than in Russia. Among the wild and scattered population of this immense country there is an inexhaustible field for women as doctors and teachers, and it is the knowledge of this fact which has disarmed the opposition to their going through universities. In 1897 Russia had 997 women doctors and the number constantly increases. In this profession Russian women have made a distinguished name. They have enormous practices in the great towns, and are largely employed by the municipalities.

## Rain Is Always on Time.

In few places on the earth has the weather prophet as easy a time as in Panama. In that part of the globe he can always tell to a certainty at what hour to expect a down-pour of rain. At 3 o'clock every afternoon it is due and it seldom fails to be on time.

This is the rule all through the rainy season. The morning is clear and the evening, after 6 o'clock, is delightful, and except from 3 till 6 o'clock nobody ever thinks of carrying an umbrella.

Not so at Colon, only forty-seven miles away. There it rains all the time during the rainy season and it never rains but it pours. Water comes down by the bucketful. At Panama the annual rainfall is in the neighborhood of nine feet, while that of Colon is twenty-one feet, and it all comes in five months—an average of four feet a month.

It is humorously said of Colon that there it takes the people all the rest of the year after the rainy season to get dry.

In the dry season the heat is intense, the mercury ranging from 80 to 90 degrees day and night. There is little difference in the temperature after dark, but it is possible to adapt oneself to the conditions of the place and there is a certain fascination about it that, in the case of some people, seems to make up for the heat.

## The Magic of Carbon.

Steel is cast iron, half-way on to wrought-iron. It has some of the stiff-lashed, stubborn traits of the cast iron, combined with the bending, yielding qualities of the wrought iron, and inherits from its pig-iron forefather the family trait of absorbing carbon. Cast iron, then, in varying proportions, of the great distinguishing mark between iron and steel. The subtle play of the element, as found in steel, is one of the most marvelously fascinating exhibitions of natural phenomena. The smallest quantity, changed in the slightest degree, produces effects as different as night from day.—St. Nicholas.

## District Technical Schools.

Special district technical schools for improving the artistic education of the working girls and designers are about to be opened in certain centers in St. Etienne, France.

Water Power Lights City. The city of Grenoble, France, installed its new system of electric lighting from a water power source twenty-seven miles distant, in the valley of the Romanche.

## Politeness occasionally beats the almighty dollar under the wire.

## QUEER STORIES

A child of 6 who has not yet lost any temporary teeth has in its jaws, either erupted or nonerupted, no fewer than fifty-two teeth more or less formed.

It is a curious fact that the teeth that are seldom used decay more rapidly than those that have daily work to do. It is a fact, however, and being a fact, the thing to do is to take pains to eat on both sides of the mouth equally.

Gates at frequent intervals bar the country roads in Norway, and are a nuisance to travelers, who have to leave their vehicles and open the barriers. These obstructions mark the boundaries of farms, or separate the cultivated sections from the waste lands.

Nature's infinite variety is well illustrated in the collection of photographs of snow crystals made during the past twenty years by W. A. Bentley, of Vermont. He has now more than one thousand photographs of individual crystals, and among them no two are alike.

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In the Smithsonian report on scientific work for 1902, Professor Langley remarks that when the bolometer was invented, some twenty years ago, it was able to measure temperature to about one-hundred-thousandth of a degree. Since then the instrument and its adjuncts have been so far improved that temperature can now be measured to less than one one-hundred-millionth of a degree readily and with precision.

After a series of experiments with carrier pigeons for conveying intelligence, the German naval authorities have decided to erect permanent pigeon stations on the coasts of the North and Baltic seas. Every warship, except torpedo boats, leaving Kiel or Wilhelmshaven, will hereafter carry a consignment of pigeons, to be released at varying distances from the land stations. It is estimated that the birds have sufficient endurance to fly home over a distance of about 180 miles from land.

Full River easily leads all other cotton manufacturing centers in America. It has about one-fifth of all the cotton spindles in the United States, and more than twice as many as any other industrial center in America. It makes 843,000,000 yards of cloth annually. Every working day its mills weave more than 1,500 miles of cloth. If all the mills could be run on one piece, the fastest express train could not travel fast enough to carry off the piece as it is woven, since the product is more than two miles a minute.

Nowhere is the woman doctor more in evidence than in Russia. Among the wild and scattered population of this immense country there is an inexhaustible field for women as doctors and teachers, and it is the knowledge of this fact which has disarmed the opposition to their going through universities. In 1897 Russia had 997 women doctors and the number constantly increases. In this profession Russian women have made a distinguished name. They have enormous practices in the great towns, and are largely employed by the municipalities.

## Rain Is Always on Time.

In few places on the earth has the weather prophet as easy a time as in Panama. In that part of the globe he can always tell to a certainty at what hour to expect a down-pour of rain. At 3 o'clock every afternoon it is due and it seldom fails to be on time.

This is the rule all through the rainy season. The morning is clear and the evening, after 6 o'clock, is delightful, and except from 3 till 6 o'clock nobody ever thinks of carrying an umbrella.

Not so at Colon, only forty-seven miles away. There it rains all the time during the rainy season and it never rains but it pours. Water comes down by the bucketful. At Panama the annual rainfall is in the neighborhood of nine feet, while that of Colon is twenty-one feet, and it all comes in five months—an average of four feet a month.

It is humorously said of Colon that there it takes the people all the rest of the year after the rainy season to get dry.

In the dry season the heat is intense, the mercury ranging from 80 to 90 degrees day and night. There is little difference in the temperature after dark, but it is possible to adapt oneself to the conditions of the place and there is a certain fascination about it that, in the case of some people, seems to make up for the heat.

## The Magic of Carbon.

Steel is cast iron, half-way on to wrought-iron. It has some of the stiff-lashed, stubborn traits of the cast iron, combined with the bending, yielding qualities of the wrought iron, and inherits from its pig-iron forefather the family trait of absorbing carbon. Cast iron, then, in varying proportions, of the great distinguishing mark between iron and steel. The subtle play of the element, as found in steel, is one of the most marvelously fascinating exhibitions of natural phenomena. The smallest quantity, changed in the slightest degree, produces effects as different as night from day.—St. Nicholas.

## District Technical Schools.

Special district technical schools for improving the artistic education of the working girls and designers are about to be opened in certain centers in St. Etienne, France.

Water Power Lights City. The city of Grenoble, France, installed its new system of electric lighting from a water power source twenty-seven miles distant, in the valley of the Romanche.

## Politeness occasionally beats the almighty dollar under the wire.